

985  
B 264

UC-NRLF



\$B 264 327

P S  
614  
B655  
1910  
MAIN

"Book of Verses"

327









GIFT OF

Class of 1887.



985

B724

BOOK OF  
CALIFORNIA

"A Book of Verses underneath the bough,  
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, and Thou  
Beside Me singing in the Wilderness,  
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow."  
Omar Khayyam.



COPYRIGHTED, 1910, BY J. T. CONNOR

**The Road to Fame**

Book of Verses

Frountablee

B<sup>a</sup>

Annie W. Brymmer

Revd. Dr. A. H.  
A. E.  
910

W. H. & Son

**Frontispiece**  
By  
**Annie W. Brigman**

# "A Book of Verses"

Alameda  
County  
Literary Club

Published by  
P. C.: A. C.  
1910

- Miss Club Alameda County  
now the California Writers Club

1887

W. Chase & Son  
Manufacturers

PS 614  
Bun

Renewal

1910

Mar 11

313146



The sea is a molten pearl,  
And pearl the fleckless sky;  
The firstling leaves unfurl,  
And the air is a fragrant sigh.

A bird's soft madrigal  
In the peartree's blossoming;  
High on the church-spire tall  
A white dove preens her wing.

The elemental strife  
Lost in a peace profound,  
In sound of quickening life  
That yet is scarcely sound.

One with the starry chime  
Earth keeps her rhythmic beat—  
Our mother, old as time,  
With heart still young and sweet.

*Ina Coolbrith.*

## The Moth of Time

Lo! this audacious vision of the dust—

This dream that it hath dreamt! Unresting wings,  
Too strong for Time, too frail for timeless things!  
Whence all thy thirst for God, thy piteous lust  
For life to be when matter's chain shall rust?

What pact hast thou with the undying kings,  
Silence and Death? What sibyl's counsellings  
Assure thee that the eternal laws are just?

Nay! all thy hopes are nothing to the Night,  
And justice but a figment of thy dream!  
Upon the waste what wide mirages glow,  
With hills that shift, and palms that mock the sight,  
And cities on the desert's far extreme—  
Those veils we name, and dare to think we know!

George Sterling.

## **Compensation**

For every pang a thrill of joy,  
For every sin a deed of grace,  
For every curse a benison,  
Somewhere, somehow, sometime.

This is my faith, that God is just,  
That wrong shall be resolved in right,  
That out of darkness breaks the light.

We would not have eternal day,  
We would not have all happiness;  
The shadows make the glow more bright,  
The night-gloom glorifies the day,  
And sorrow sanctifies our bliss.

So if this life seem mostly lost  
In the dull reach of dreary gloom,  
And if the good be bowed in dust,  
What matters it, if God be just?

The great world-plan cannot be wrong,  
In other lives, on other spheres  
The good God justifies earth-tears,  
And souls that suffer shall be blessed.

*Charles Keeler*

## Truth's Dawn

Had truth not dawned—  
There had been in my heart no little shrine  
On which the flame of joy burns ceaselessly.  
I had not known the way, pure and benign,  
Nor soft-lipped peace, nor even hope were mine,  
Had truth not dawned!

Had truth not dawned—  
I had not understood that Love will keep  
The spirit unconfined, the footsteps free  
That tread the king's highway; nor known the sweep  
Of life unending, changeless, love-crowned, deep,  
Had truth not dawned!

*Florine Ferdinand Miller*

## Charity

Thou art no slave nor diplomatic Sage,  
Dissembling in no high nor servile guise.  
The common lot of all is thy emprise,  
The common weal of all thy tutelage.  
No war of favors doth thy white hands wage.  
The poorest waif or clod beneath the skies  
Finds knightly favor in thy gentle eyes.  
Thy soft caress a boon for youth and age.  
Thou fair handmaid of God, supernal fount  
Of love; thy tears like fadeless asphodels,  
Bestrew earth's rugged path with fragrant grace.  
Our solaced hearts forgetting oft to count  
The many painful scars life's record tells—  
Beguiled to patient trust by thy sweet face.

*Mary Lamb*

## How Shall It Be?

How shall it be, when—some supernal morning,  
Longed for, and given of God's abiding grace—  
Borne by a breath, and with no note of warning,  
On unknown paths, we two meet face to face.

So long it seems since you went sailing, sailing  
Far on a sea that, yet, I may not cross;  
So long, since pitying breeze brought back your hailing:  
“Life is but love, and love is never loss.”

And yet when dusks on all the hills are lying,  
And ships creep homeward through the Golden Gate,  
I call to you and hear your low replying:  
“Sing and be glad, and still in patience wait.”

*Hester Dickinson*

## Retrospection

Ah, give me back my chain of childhood days  
That now like scattered opals at my feet  
Do lie; their lights at variance with the sweet  
Of memories, and in the gathering haze  
Of twilight thoughts, when hushéd silence lays  
A finger on my heart, it bids it beat  
To melodies that urge my soul to meet  
Those dear dream-voices of my happier ways.

To hold one hour that in remembrance lies  
So that on slender, golden threads of years  
I could string fancies of the long ago:  
The time when fairies painted sunset skies  
And I saw lights of rainbows through my tears,  
For this—I'd give my all to have and know.

*Alfred Tennyson Whittaker*

## Two Songs

For me the Skylark never sang  
Save soaring in the pages  
Of Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson,  
To sing for all the ages.  
But ah, I've heard a Meadow-lark  
From hedges, fields and fences,  
Pour on the air his song of joy  
When rosy dawn commences.

His rounded, mellow, soulful song,  
Like full-sustained contralto,  
Would blend in sweetest harmony—  
The treble with his alto—  
If with the Skylark he could sing,  
Though never soaring high;  
The one a love-song of the earth,  
The other of the sky.

*James Henry MacLafferty*  
James Henry MacLafferty

## At Twenty-One

At twenty-one the wildest tales are yet  
As visions, credible; and thou canst let  
Thy fancy roam at sweet unchequered will.  
Naught in the world thou dar'st not do! No hill  
Thou would'st not climb! No prizes too high set!

But in thy dreams and triumphs ne'er forget  
The golden hour when falls love's mystic net  
Around thy soul to set the blood a-thrill  
At twenty-one.

Alas! What say I? Passions breed regret.  
Who knows love's joy shall know her aching fret,  
Unless the pulses of desire grow still.  
And yet,—ah yet!—may thou the fate fulfill:  
To find thyself in love's eternal debt  
At twenty-one.

*W. Elsworth Lawson.*

## Twilight in the Redwoods

The sun has slipped behind the mountain steep,  
On whose thick, wooded slopes I linger yet,  
Beneath the redwood's shadow, hushed and deep,  
And full of night. For me the sun has set.

But suddenly the dusk is vibrant. Hark!  
An oriole sings with lingering run and trill.  
I raise my eyes. Across the cañon dark,  
On distant slopes the sun is shining still.

*Elizabeth Griswold Rowe.*

## The Old Gate

A gate deep-sunk in an adobe wall  
Where creamy roses over red tiles fall,  
Watered by her who waits with patient tears  
For one delayed through twice a score of years.  
Within the dark recesséd grateful shade  
A phantom soldier greets a Spanish maid;  
The rose from out her bosom planted there  
His faith protested with a fragrance rare;  
The maid coquettéd, but she waits to-day;—  
So pluck a rose and pass upon your way.

*Laura E. Smith*

## Spring

Small, kindling pulses in dry stems,  
Green carpets on the lanes;  
Bold, little, sudden winds that whirl,  
And warm, sweet blustering rains—  
The earth is warm, the heart is warm,  
The gay acacia blows;  
And lo! the lovely march of flowers  
In glad procession goes.

*Warren Cheney*

## Above the Clouds

'Mid white Sierras, that slope to the sea,  
Lie turbulent lands. Go dwell in the skies,  
And the thundering tongues of Yosemite  
Shall persuade you to silence, and you shall be wise.

I but sing for the love of song and the few  
Who love me first and shall love me last;  
And the storm shall pass as the storms have passed,  
For never were clouds but the sun came through.

*goes to Helen*

## Tarantelle

A dazzling maze of dizzy, whirling sound,  
Struck through with sudden chords of strenuous  
strength,  
Wherein the height and depth, and breadth and length  
Of the hot Southern passion—Love unbound,  
And Hate unleashed and risen from depths profound—  
Are shadowed forth and limned by music's notes,  
While round and o'er and through it all there floats  
Soft air and sweet from far Italian ground.

This picture rises: 'Neath a wide stone-pine,  
Fronting the Midland Sea's deep liquid blue,  
Backed by th' escarpments of the Apennine,  
On flowery carpet, pied and rich of hue,  
While chimes the distant convent's vesper bell,  
A youth and maiden dance the tarantelle.

A large, flowing cursive signature in black ink, appearing to read "Rev. Garrison". The signature is written in a single continuous line with fluid, expressive strokes.

## The God of the Dead

Up through Canton city,  
Through the reek of rotting ills,  
You come to the old Pagoda  
Above the funeral hills.

Five-storied over the sleepers  
Lying in crowded ways—  
Some in a Buddhist heaven,  
Some in a Buddhist blaze.

In the deserted courtyard,  
The great stone idol grins,  
Looking at grass-grown out-walls—  
Thinking of Chinese sins.

Battered and stained and broken,  
That grinning gray stone head,  
Ugly as sin discovered—  
Old as the oldest dead.

He waits, but they come never  
To that old forsaken shrine,  
And he dreams of the pungent incense  
That curled, and the *sam shu* wine.

He waits with a heathen patience,  
While the lizards dart in the sun,  
And the trees spring up in the courtyard  
But of the dead, there comes not one.

Margaret Mead

## At the Helm

If love, true love, is at the helm,  
No matter how the storm may rage,  
Our barques it ne'er can overwhelm,  
In any clime or age.

Love holds the tempest in his hand;  
The elements, his laws obey.  
There is no power can love withstand,  
And love is love alway.

It turns life's darkness into light,  
It lightens even death's dark gloom.  
It leads the soul to glorious height  
And lives beyond the tomb.

*Mary Cameron Benjamin*

## In Summer

Summer time in Arcady,  
No one there with you and me.  
Summer breezes, summer showers,  
Dew-drops glist'ning on the flowers.  
Naught care I, if we but be  
All alone—in Arcady.

Summer time in Arcady,  
In the garden fair, are three.  
"Two's company, three's a bore,"  
A fig for all such ancient lore!  
When you and I, and Love the three  
Who inhabit Arcady!

Anny Requadong.

## The Worker and the Tramp

Villanelle

Heaven bless you, my friend—  
You, the man who won't sweat;  
Here's a quarter to spend.

Your course I commend,  
Nor regard with regret;  
Heaven bless you, my friend.

On you I depend  
For my work, don't forget;  
Here's a quarter to spend.

Ah! you comprehend  
That I owe you a debt;  
Here's a quarter to spend,  
Heaven bless you, my friend.

*Jack London*

## **Slave Still**

Thou claim'st this Earth thy birth-right, home,—and yet,  
Not yet, strong, dignified in presence proud  
Of King, Czar, Pope, or Lord bourgeois? Back, back  
To chamber lone, poor Thrall! Purge, scourge thyself!  
And stand self-franchised citizen with these!

*Friedrich von Hanfstaengl*

## Sunset

Over the sea runs a path of light,  
A carpet of gold that the sight may tread  
Into the west, toward the realm of night,  
Losing itself in the dusky red.  
Gossamer mists float over the spray,  
Kissing the waves with their gentle rain;  
While the sun calls back its last slant ray,  
And sinks beneath the light-swept main.

*Philip Alexander*

## The Redwood Tree

When the Power, that out of chaos,  
Wrought from mist to God-like man,  
As a scroll before the Maker  
Stretched the great, immortal plan;  
And the wonders of the heavens  
Were unrolled so full and free,  
In His love for man and beauty  
God designed the Redwood tree.

*Frances C. Fulton*

## The Way

Hungered is thy heart-life?  
Would'st thou richly live?  
Scant tho' all thy holdings—  
GIVE.

Restless is thy spirit?  
Why Life's purpose shirk?  
Find thy task and humbly  
WORK.

On to larger living,  
Counting not the throe,  
With thy soul aspiring  
GROW.

*Cyrus J. Laddie.*

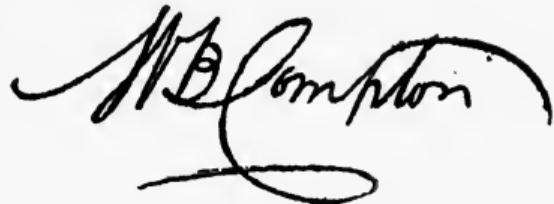
## Morphia

Come, sleep-eyed boy! Let thy spell fall.  
Lead—lead me on through cloistered hall,  
Or classic ruin, 'neath mouldering wall.  
Oh, sound again the witching call!

Ay, waft me with thy subtle spell  
O'er lake, o'er mountain, fen or fell,  
To flowery glades where dryads dwell,  
Where wilds resounds with satyr's yell.

Love waits with rampant pulse divine,  
With kiss on lips like ruddy wine,  
With cheeks aglow and eyes ashine,  
And whispers low through leaf and vine.

Come! And from out thy leafy wold  
Bring fabled brew in cup of gold.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "W.B. Compton". The signature is fluid and elegant, with the initials "W.B." at the top and "Compton" written below in a larger, more rounded hand. A small decorative flourish or underline is present at the bottom right of the signature.

## The Road to Fame

Yon lies the goal, across the sun-scorched plain!  
No primrose path invites the pilgrim band;  
At every step the blood-red flower of Pain,  
Set 'round with thorns, springs from the burning sand.

J. Torrey Connor.

PRESS OF CARRUTH & CARRUTH CO.  
520 FIFTEENTH STREET  
OAKLAND, CAL.

**14 DAY USE**  
**RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED**  
**LOAN DEPT.**

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

May 5 1969

**REC'D LD**

MAY 5 1969

JAN 19 1966 6 1

**REC'D**

JAN 19

'66 - 10 AM

**LOAN**

**DEPT.**

**SENT ON ILL**

JUN 17 2003

**U.C. BERKELEY**

LD 21A-50m-9, '58  
(6889s10) 476B

Gen.  
Universit.  
Ber.

U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



YA 03637

CO45935914

313146

Book

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

